## THE ORIENT IS AWAKE, SAYS GEN. EDWARDS

## The East Is Rapidly Grasping the Ways of the West, and Finds Them Much Better Than Their Own.

Unheeded news: Americans are dumb and anathetic where Englishare dumb and apathetic where Engish-men are talkative, Frenchmen gesticula-tory, and Germans solidly enthusiastic. A million naked savages are putting on dresses or pantaloms. Goty head-hunt-ers are washing their hands and going o work. Fierce barbarlans, once carryg spears and wearing breech-clouts; ave turned policemen. Cothed in white, nors on their feet, they are gravely calking their beats, carbines on their Splendid possibilities for cotn and leather, spun and tanned in the nilted States, if that makes the news teresting and significant.

More coconnuts than ever are ripening ong the palms. Oil for soap and arti-al butter; a delicacy for cakes and Mectionery. Hemp is growing where ention tobareo in bales, nor bags—shiploads of them for

Under Fire 112 Times.

Acting godfather of the Fhilippies is the example of the godfather of the Fhilippies is the godfather of the Fhilippies is the godfather of the forest offer. Edwards. The dry records of government put him time books and coments as the chief of the bureau insular Affairs. The title is lineximately the freedom-golne there with Gen when That great officer of the cavity recommended him four times for the given of the state among the palms and other the grant and the grant officer of the cavity recommended him four times for the state among the palms and other the grant will great officer of the cavity recommended him four times for the state among the palms and other of the state among the palms and other with the state among the palms of th

the loans remain in his possession.

Bonds and standard stocks to the value of \$11,000,000 are in his keeping. Nor is the required personally to guarantee to file, \$10,000,000 are in his keeping. Nor is the required personally to guarantee to file, \$10,000,000 are in his keeping. Nor is the required personally to guarantee to the office of \$11,000,000 are in his keeping. Nor is the required personally to guarantee to file, \$10,000,000 are and the Philippines and subject of New Orleans cotton. So far, at his own initiative, he has collected placed in his management and custody. Not long age he was promised \$10,000 a year, and an interest on the funds on and his dundry allowances—horse feed athough he is in the infantry), fuel, and so on—and his duty to the Philippines. If must smile occasionally at Edwards struggle with the very thing he aboninates—business. The general's father, William Edwards, was a very friendly man, and a wholesale merchant. Clarence didn't and purposely, the latter, so he said, loathed buying and sell-ing, accounts payable and accounts receivable. The father's partner, Amos Townsend, then a Congressman from Cleveland, has Clarence designated for a cadetship at West Point.

Banished by Senator Brice.

In 1856 Lleut, Edwards, a graveted.

"What do vous hear should at the porty years, and was only the proposed and the Philippines its government and wrote its laws—better laws than our own, because they were written by great men."

### Bantshed by Senator Brice.

ing vegetables, and managing men. Will-lam Edwards was delighted.
"Resign," he said, "and come home to the store. You will make a famous mer-chant. Likewise you can get into banks, railroads, and factories."

It was a useless temptation. The sol-dier was there, though temporarily con-cealed by barter, baking, and agricul-ture. He was captain of the line in 1886 and a lieutenant colonel of volunteers when he sailed for Manila. Coming home with Gen. Lawton's body, he reported at

I have served, he said to me, "under the three greatest Americans of this
generation. Lawton was the greatest
soldier we have had in forty years.
Root and Taft gave the Philippines its
government and wrote its laws—better
laws than our own, because they were
written by grees non."

laws than our own, because they were written by great men."
"What do you bear about the Filipinos?" I asked.
"Good news," Gen. Edwards answered. He is an intense and attractive man, dressed in cucumber green, even to his hose, necktie, and scarfpin. "Good news," he repeated. "Business is going forward. Development continues. Ninety-six per cent of the people are satisfied. For the first time in their lives they have an opportunity to make something of themselves. And they are honestly trying to accumulate property and become themselves. And they are honestly trying to accumulate property and become erimpy good citizens. I have been back and forth five times. The changes to me are tery plain. The ordinary Filipino, twelve a group dependent of the cotton pantaloons arekward was outside of his cotton pantaloons arekward when he began to spruce up, he tucked nd other in. That was advance number one. Now he is clethed in an undershirt, a blouse buttoned to the throat, better for the trousers than ever before, and American boost that cost as much as \$z\$ pair.

"Our people at home do not understand what is being done to lift Long, and one of the property and because the property and because it is come of the property and because it is a property and because it is being done to make a property and because it is being done to me are the property and because it is and because it is a continuous and the property and because it is and bear and the property and because it is and bear and there is a property and because it is and bear and the property and because it is and bear and the property and because it is and the property and because it is and bear and the property and because it is a property and bear and bear and the property and bear and bear and the property and the prop

00 Moros and Igorots out of the wretchedness of ravagery and slavery they are called the non-Christian tribes in the walked into the office of Daniel by are called the non-Christian tribes, lamont, Secretary of War. He were a frock cost, a slik hat, and a huttomhole be Filipine dwards, rid, rerell, and the white was also brilliantine on his whiskers.

"Where, he asked "is the most lonely mercial, and the the health of the his whiskers.

"Where, he asked "is the most lonely mercial, and fifter the h. Thilippines, the natives, average and slavery.

"Where, he asked "is the most lonely mercial, and fifter the h. Thilippines, the natives, average and slavery.

"Where, he walked not he most. The first was also brilliantine on his whiskers.

"Bask Pass, on the Rio Grande. I should say, at a guess." Secretary Lamont replied.

"Hot?"

"Well, I ask you as a personal favor in replied.

"Well, I ask you as a personal favor with the labor. Dean transfer Lieut. Edwards of the Twentardian, and the lamont of the post sarders, the commission of the post pardens, mostly, however, from the post pardens, mostly, however, from the post gardens, mostly, however, from the post gardens of the post gardens of the post gardens of the most inches and products of the non-Christian file from the hounding and about the some the products of the non-Christian from the post gardens and a hutter of the most of the non-Christian from the post gar



OPPOSED TO SUFFRAGE.

BARBAROUS SCENES IN TRIPOLI

## **QUAINT VERSES OF PRISONERS** TELL OF WRETCHED LIVES

## Scraps of Philosophy Written on Juvenile ton: Court Cell Room Walls Are Piquant and Interesting.

The Wooden Bench.

Underneath the mantelplece a small



ANOTHER POOL Bell-Who was the gentleman you met gwhile ago? Nell-I think he's a swimming teacher. -A swimming teacher? -Yes. Jack says he runs a pool-

Scribbled rudely on the cleak walls of the adult priceners' cell research days in the basement of the Juvenile Court building are words of pathos and humor and philosophy and hope and despair which are never seen by any except the court officials and the infortunates who are pared behind the cold bars, but which beyonk the inward feelings of the souls of the imprisoned inore candidly and witness stand in the court removed behind the cold bars, but which beyonk the inward feelings of the souls of the imprisoned inore candidly and witness stand in the court removement of the manufacture of the forms stand in the court removement of the manufacture of the forms beard and seen there are merely superfleial in comparisons with the deep movings of the soul instituted on the walls of the narrow chamber.

It is a small dougeon-like room in a remote lower part of the Building. A long, pickety flight of stairs leads down to it from the hallway above. Two heavy hy harred windows are at one side of the chamber, admitting the bright sunfight, which only increases the horror, of the wall between the two windows its written a brief stanza, wafting a break with the walls are now almost covered prose, humor and pathos, words of hope and of the room by the strong law of contrast. Heide the massive iron door leading to the diracy room is an old manufelleer oppon which rest a few well-worn books—a hymn book and several wolumes of detion. The covers are about severed from the books, and the leaves are torn and smeared with dir.

The Wooden Bench.

Underreall, the manufellings a mail.

Linderreall, the manufellings a mail to manufelling a wall appearance before the judge it may fall appearance before the judge it may lack the artistic, and it may fall a short of the rules of versification, but it because the first of the rules of versification, but it because the first of the rules of versification, but it because the first of the rules of versification, but it because the first of the rules of versification, but it because the first

A "Cheer Ip" Stanza.

On the wall between the two windows is written a brief stanza, wafting a breeze of hope to those who tremblingly await appearance before the judge It may lack the artistic, and it may fall short of the rules of versification, but it bespeaks the soul of a thoughtful man, and it doubtlessly cheers the hearts of many prisoners. The stanza runs:

When your heart is size,
And you feel so blue,
And you feel about to die,
That's the time to cheer up, lad,
For only women cry.

High on one of the walls is scribbled.

ation Almighty God, will you look down. And below it is written a stanza which is not perfect in rhythm and meter, but which has a touch of philosophy and humor intermingled in it. The stanza

My drinking days are almost o'er; I had a good time, I'll agree, But look what boose has done to me-so good-by boose forevermine!

So good-by boom forevenue:

Scribbled on one portion of the wall
and surrounded by an elaborate border,
so as to attract attention and insure
preservation, is the following advice, preservation, is the following advice which doubtless has saved many a pris ner from a sojourn at Occoquan

Jiritgo De Lacy is a good old soul. Look and and say you wun't boose any more, and he will let you off. Try it. I did, and it worked all right.

"Abandon Hope All Ye." In large letters extending across one the walls are these despairing words; And below some one has added:

Belleve me, it is true. To the side of these quotations is writ-ton the bold statement:

delicate hand the following little epic, which has a touch of realism which compensates for the lack of proper versifica-

In one place, dim yet still readable, is the following exclamation: Old Godge, you have sent a good old man down. As might be expected, the following trite quotation has been scribbled on the

Frois' names are like their faces, Always seen in public places. And below it has been written: Does this hit you? "Never Again."

Directly opposite the entrance is the God bless us all.

Some prisoner, preparatory to signing the total abstinence pledge in the court room above, has scribbled on the wall: In one corner is written:

our away; this is no piece for a minister's sen.

If every prisoner added the feelings of his heart to the inscriptions on the wall, there would undoubtedly accumulate a rich collection of quotations, rough, and unpolished, but stirring with human life and personality.

"Big Chief" and "Mis-Chief." In the Bureau of Chemistry they call Dr. Wiley "the big chief." Once a petite young woman of the bureau met the foctor as he was passing along the corrider to his-office.

"Good morning, Big Chief," she said.
"Good morning, Little Mis-Chief," re-torted the doctor.





MRS. ARTHUR M. DODGE,

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MRS. ARTHUR M. DODGE,
Compaign against woman suffrage. At a recent
meeting hold at late. Dodge's residence, and-suffrage leaders representing authorparisations in
Massarimastis, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennoptunia, and others States were present and details of organisation were discussed. It is understood that a large central board of officers will be
fromed, whose function will be to fly to the aid of
sny State wherein the legislature seems about to
succumb to the wiles of the promoters of votes for
votes.

### An Eighty-mile Precipice.

Capt. C. G. Rawling, a member of the British expedition that recently explored Dutch New Guinea, describes what may be the greatest unbroken precipice in the world. It runs, he mays, for a distance of eighty miles from Mount Carstens westward to the Charles Louis Moun-tains. Its greatest sheer height is at Mount Leonard Darwin.

The explorers were never in a position to measure with the theodolite a sheer height of this immense preclude exceed-

to measure with the theodolite a sheet height of this immense precipice exceed-ing 6,500 feet, but from many views ob-tained of it while he was climbing Capt. Rawling has no hesitation in stating that the greatest perpendicular height is not less than 19,500 feet, or almost exactly two miles.

# DESCRIBED BY CORRESPONDENT

## War with Italy Far from Being the "Opera women cripples driven in, hobbling on sticks or umbrelias. Witnesses Not Desired. Bouffe" It Is Supposed to Be.



A GOOD REMEDY. Boy-Mr. Quinn, can I get off this fat-ernoon? My grandfather is dead. Mr. Quinn-I don't see how, with your small salary, you can afford to go to see so many ball sames. Hoy-That's right. I can't either. I ought to have more salary.

Bouffe" It Is Supposed to Be.

London, Nov. 24.—A graphic account of the Italian-Turco conflict is given by a staff photographer for the Daily Mirror, who has Just returned from Tripell. This is one of the first eyewitness stories of the massacre that aroused the world to a realization of the seriousness of a conflict that was at first remarked in the Italian should be a seriousness of a conflict that was at first remarked in the Italian solders were repelling the Arab tatack.

"It is a somewhat curious fact that I drove to the front in a cab. Yet it is literally true, as the cab took me to the very trenches where the Italian solders were repelling the Arab attack.

"The driver was an Arab, and he could be trench in presented my permit, signed by Gen. Caneva, to the commanding effect. Then I was allowed anywhere.

"The accepted list. I was admitted by ticket. Yes; actually, as though I were attending a football match. At the trench is presented my permit, signed by Gen. Caneva, to the commanding effect. Then I was allowed anywhere.

Then I was allowed anywhere. Then I saw some Italian rifemen in a lane between date to be the fact, the first of the serious and my be a staff of the court-martial. The other aignaled to me to lied the court of the serious and me the court of the serious and the court of the court

they were innocent of having taken any part in the hostilities against the Italians. They had been caught in the plantations from which the rear attack had come, but they maintained that they had been gathering dates, and in confirmation of this drew out handfuls of dates from the pockets of their voluminous robes. The only answer they received was to be clouted with the butts of rifes by their captors. They were marched off like the rest and shot in the back, just outside the house.

"I went out at the back, some little distance from the house, as a large gang of them-forty or more—were being led out to their death. Most of these, unlike the fighting men who had been taken red-handed under arms, were lamenting their fate bitterly, and suddenly the whole group broke and fied in different directions, shricking and yelling.

"A fusiliade promptly followed, their escort firing on them as they ran. Several of them fell wounded. A number ran toward me, evidently thinking that the Italians would not fire on them for fear of wounding a white man. But their confidence was misplaced, and the builting their comrades in the trench.

"But we took no chances, I and my camera, and boiled into the cover of the cactus. I saw scores of womens and children brought into the house, but I never part in the hostilities against the Ital-

"They were scarcely able to drag one



Buffragist.-Mr. Pecked is no gentl Friend.-What's the matter now? Suffragist.-Why, I gave up my a min in the train yesterday, and he